

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a dark gray color, framing the central text.

**summer lover
passed to fall**

queenjameskirk

summer lover passed to fall by queenjameskirk

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Summary:

"You wanna m-m-muh-make out in Mike's cornfield?" he asks, but he's really not surprised.

"You got a better idea?" Richie says and Bill is already flicking his turn signal and pulling over tire-stamped corn.'

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Author's Note:

tumblr anon prompt:

bill and richie making out in bill's ford ??? some friends to lovers hcs about that???

anyway things got away from me, as they often do

a pretty man came to me

never seen eyes so blue

you know, i could not run away it seemed

we'd seen each other in a dream

seemed like he knew me, looked right through me

-magic man, heart

Derry doesn't really have a good designated spot for teenagers making out in cars.

Bill suggests the kissing bridge once, when Richie's mom has walked by the open door of Richie's room for the third time that night and cleared her throat at the way the boys are sitting. Bill's thigh is pressed close to Richie's on the bed as they study and he keeps getting distracted by the way Richie bites on the end of his pen. The plastic clicks against his teeth and Bill fists a hand in the sheets next to him and closes his notebook.

"The kissing bridge?" Richie laughs, pen sticking out of the side of his mouth as he smiles, "That's cliché, Billy,"

"It's b-better than trying to sn-sneak kisses between your m-mom's p-

puh-patrols!” Bill argues and Richie’s eyes flick down to Bill’s lips. Bill knows he’s won the moment Richie looks back up into his eyes. They’re darker, mischievous, and Bill feels his heart tug just a little bit. Richie slides out of bed limply, rolling onto the floor and pushing himself up and Bill wonders what he sees in the fucking dork.

They’re tiptoeing through the front hall when Richie’s dad’s voice rings out from the living room. They can’t see him from where they’re standing, hidden around a wall.

“Where are you boys off to now?” he calls and Richie freezes with his shoe half on. He and Bill share a moment of nervous eye contact and then Richie clears his throat and speaks.

“We’re just gonna go get some...” Richie trails off, turning to Bill with wide eyes.

“S-snacks!” Bill finishes and Richie makes a face at him, rolling his eyes and flinching. There’s no response from Richie’s dad in the living room and Bill shrugs before bending over to tug his sneakers on. The screen door clangs behind them as they leave the house and Richie runs for Bill’s blue ford. He slides in the passenger seat, the door squeaking as he pulls it shut behind him, and Bill walks around the front to the driver’s side.

The engine shudders as he turns it over, roaring to life with just a little hesitation, and Bill puts it into gear.

“W-where to?” Bill asks, turning to look at Richie. The sun has set over Derry, the sky purple and blue, black at the edges where night

creeps in, and Richie looks beautiful in the low light. His glasses glint as he grins at Bill and slides over just a little closer on the bench seat, not quite in Bill's space but not in his own either. "P-put your s-seatbelt on," Bill commands, waiting to pull out of Richie's driveway until the boy does. There's a moment where he worries Richie is going to disobey and the thought of him crashing and Richie flying through the windshield makes his breath quicken and his fingers tighten on the steering wheel.

But then Richie slides back over to his own seat and does what Bill told him, clicking the seatbelt over his waist and rolling down his window. He wiggles in the pocket of his jeans and pulls out a pack of cigarettes and his Zippo.

"Aw, Richie, I don't wanna k-kiss you when you t-taste like menthols!" Bill says as Richie flicks the lighter open and sticks the smoke between his teeth.

"You love it," Richie replies, but he takes the cigarette out of his mouth and puts it behind his ear, for later. The Zippo stays out, Richie flicking it open and closed absentmindedly.

Bill turns down a few random streets, waiting for Richie to offer up a location to park.

"Turn left," Richie commands suddenly, flicking his lighter closed. The truck is silent, radio turned down low so they can talk, and the sound is metallic in the night. Wind rushes by Richie's open window and whistles a tune, sticky and humid. It's almost summer; Bill can feel the turning of the seasons in his bones, and Derry has been uncharacteristically warm. The breeze from Richie's window helps, but Bill can feel sweat already building on his brow away from the

air conditioning of Richie's house. His truck has no A/C or heat, making the cold Maine winters basically unbearable, but luckily he has Richie to pick him up if the weather gets too bad.

He follows Richie's stilted directions until they're on a road going somewhat out of town, passing by the Bowers farm.

"Turn off into the next cornfield," Richie says and Bill turns his eyes from the road to look at him.

"You wanna m-m-muh-make out in Mike's cornfield?" he asks, but he's really not surprised.

"You got a better idea?" Richie says and Bill is already flicking his turn signal and pulling over tire-stamped corn. He follows the tracks of a combine, his truck digging into wet ground. He goes just far enough in to be hidden from sight of the road and turns his lights off. He leaves the keys in the ignition and fumbles for a cassette to throw in the player. The truck is old enough it doesn't have a port for CDs so Bill and Richie spent an entire afternoon in every thrift shop in town looking for good tapes. There are only a few that Richie deems good making out music and Bill picks his personal favorite.

The opening guitar strains of "Magic Man" by Heart ring out and Bill leans back in his seat. He can feel Richie's eyes on him, hot in the night, and Bill raises his eyes to look at him. Bill reaches a hand back, opening the sliding window that leads to the bed of the truck, and then smiles at Richie.

"I've got a b-blanket in t-the b-b-back," he says and Richie grins at him.

He climbs out of the truck and goes around back, dropping the hatch and unfolding a tartan blanket out over the bed. It's cool when he spreads out on it, metal chilled on his too-warm skin, and Bill watches as Richie climbs up. His glasses slip down his nose as he settles down next to Bill and he can't help but reach over and adjust them for him, black frames crooked on his ears.

The night is quiet, only the sound of wind rustling corn and bugs buzzing over the sound of Bill's radio, and he settles down with his elbow bent and his arm behind his head. Richie leans over him, balanced against Bill's side, and finally kisses him. The truck bed is cool but Richie's body is fever hot where he presses against Bill.

Richie kisses like a freight train. There's no subtlety to his tongue in Bill's mouth and the way he grips Bill's face in both hands. His hair falls in Bill's face and tickles his nose but it's no distraction from the way Richie pulls his mouth open just a little bit wider to lick into it. He breathes out through his nose and relaxes against the bed of the truck, foot slipping and dragging the blanket slightly with it. Richie shifts a little, breaking the kiss to press one against Bill's cheek, and then he's throwing a leg over Bill's midsection to straddle him. He rests his body on Bill's lower stomach, bending over to reattach himself to Bill's mouth.

Their teeth clack a little, still clumsy despite themselves, and Bill huffs out a laugh. His skin is sticky in the humid air, flannel shirt collar sticking to the back of his neck and he's sure his white undershirt is damp by now. He reaches a hand around to curl around the back of Richie's neck, resting the other on Richie's lower back, and the other boy is sweating too. It makes everything feel just a little more passionate, slick and wet, and Bill can feel arousal stir in his stomach.

They make out for what feels like hours, pressed together and sweating in the heat of the night. Bill's neck gets stiff from tipping up to meet Richie's lips and his neck is throbbing from the probably half-dozen Richie has given him, slick with spit and skin irritated. His pants are tight, making him groan every time Richie wiggles on top of him to get more comfortable, and Bill closes his eyes and lets his head fall back against the truck bed. A faint breeze blows over his overheated skin and Bill opens his eyes as Richie settles back.

"We should go back," Richie says, voice hoarse. His lips are shining in the moonlight, ruby red and covered in Bill's saliva. Bill finds it kind of hot, the idea that he did that. Richie's chest heaves, shining with sweat where his top button has come undone, and Bill knows if they stay out here any longer he's going to have a fucking mess to clean up when he gets home.

Bill nods, agreeing, and Richie climbs off him. He jumps down off the bed, stretching his arms above his head and cracking his neck from side to side. Bill feels achey, still kind of hard enough for it to hurt, and he knows he's going to be pissed at Richie later for the marks on his neck. Ror now though, he just admires the way the bruises shine in the rearview mirror.

They pull out of Mike's cornfield, keeping the headlights off until they're back on the highway, and Bill drives them home. He wipes his forehead with his sleeve and lets Richie pick the next cassette. He draws out a personal mix, full of songs Richie selected specifically because he likes to listen to them while driving, and pushes it in the player. He flicks open his Zippo and finally lights another cigarette, filling the truck with the familiar smell of smoke. Bill tries to hate it, but he lets Richie pass the cigarette his way and he inhales before ashing it out his own window.

They rock out to “Paradise By the Dashboard Light”, Richie trying desperately to sing the girl parts to Bill, voice cracking uncontrollably. Bill laughs the whole way home, pulling into Richie’s driveway with jerky movements. He makes Richie roll the windows up and he waits as Richie finishes his cigarette.

“Fuck!” Richie exclaims, hitting his forehead with the palm of his hand. Bill kills the engine.

“W-what?”

“We didn’t even get any fucking snacks!”

Author's Note:

feel free to send me more prompts about any character/pairing! i love every single one of the Lucky Seven! my tumblr is @cryingbilldenbrough so come pay a visit!